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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

THE "KINK" IN THE DUCAL FAMILY AT GOODWOOD.

Why Some of the Lennox-Gordons will not Meet the King at the Races.

The Duke of Richmond is the only member of the aristocracy who has the honour of entertaining the King once a year. The custom of the late Sovereign in going to Goodwood House as the guest of the Duke during the race week has been kept up by His present Majesty and is likely to last for many years to come. One reason for this is the extreme amiability of the Duke's family. A more united house could not be found in all Britain. The Richmonds are a good-looking lot, and as the Duke's children are now all married, the race week provides them with an opportunity of a very happy family reunion. But this year there is a kink amongst the Lennox-Gordons, and quite a crowd of them are not going to meet the King in Sussex.

It is said that since the marriage of the Duke's youngest daughter, the pretty Lady Muriel, to Earl Percy, the Duke of Northumberland's heir, a coolness has sprung up between the sons and daughters of the Duke of Richmond owing to the attitude of aloofness on the part of the Northumberland family to the Duke of Richmond's sons-in-law. His Grace of Richmond's eldest daughters are respectively the wives of Sir John Cotterell, Bart., and of Mr. Leonard Brassey. The Duke himself first "married for love," his wife being a Miss Ricardo, and her two surviving daughters did likewise.

* * *

"Only a Country Baronet."

Everybody knows, of course, that the Percys (albeit they are really Smithsons) can put on a lot of "side," especially as they are connected with the Royal Family, through the marriage of the present Duke to Lady Edith Campbell (who died a few days ago), a sister to the Duke of Argyll, whose Duchess is one of Queen Victoria's daughters. And the Lennox-Gordon ladies are said to severely resent the attitude of the Percys to their husbands and children. At any rate, the Duke's eldest daughter, Lady Evelyn Cotterell, will not be seen at Goodwood this year, nor will her husband, though he is a good race-goer and a very popular fellow.

It is true Sir John Cotterell is only a country baronet, but so was Sir Hugh Smithson until he married the heiress of the Percys, and was made Duke of Northumberland in his wife's honour. So this year the honours of Goodwood will be done for the Duke (who is a widower) by his second daughter, Lady Violet Brassey. The Duke's heir, Lord March, and his little son, Lord Settrington, will be at Goodwood, but whether Lady Muriel Beckwith, who made a romantic match with Captain Beckwith, of the Guards, nearly ten years ago, will be present, is not yet certain.

* * *

"If I am the King's Mistress!—"

The Duke of Richmond is in the position of being able to claim a sort of remote cousinship with King George. The first Duke of Richmond was half a Stuart, his father having been King Charles II., and his mother the King's French mistress, Madame de Querouaille, whom the common people in England always referred to as "Madame Carwell." King Charles created her Duchess of Portsmouth, but for life only, so this dukedom did not descend to her son. The Duke of Richmond is, however, the biggest member of the aristocracy in point of titles, for he is four times a Duke, being Duke of Richmond, Lennox, d'Aubigny and Gordon.

When they reproached Nell Gwynne with being the King's "kept woman," she shouted at the mob, "I *am* the King's mistress, I would have you know that I am the King's *Protestant* mistress!"—the sting lying not only in the fact that she was a Protestant, but that Madame Carwell was a Roman Catholic, and, what was more, in the pay of France! Altogether, King Charles's little habit of betitling his lights o' love enriched this country with no less than seven dukedoms, four of which survive to this day. No one can say, however, that the Richmonds are not an honour to their country. They have all fought in the wars, including his present Grace, and several of the Dukes have been men of marked military distinction, and always of tremendous personal bravery.

* * *

Society's Curious Likes and Dislikes.

The Duke's daughter, Countess Percy, was to have dined at Scudamore House with the King and Queen the other evening, when their Majesties honoured the Earl and Countess of Chesterfield with their presence at dinner. But as the young Countess's mother-in-law, the Duchess of Northumberland, lay dying, Lord and Lady Percy had to excuse themselves at the last moment, and go off to Northumberland in a hurry. The Duchess died in a few hours, and her brother, the Duke of Argyll, went North for her funeral. His Royal wife did not go with him, however, as she seldom visited the Percys, and Her Royal Highness instead attended the memorial service in Westminster Abbey. Which reminds us that Society has curious likes and dislikes, and they generally last a lifetime.

Take, for instance, the Cornwallis-Wests. Mrs. Cornwallis-West has just divorced her husband, George Cornwallis-West, the story of whose falling-out was told in these columns recently. But George's handsome sister, the Duchess of Westminster, is still the best of friends with her one-time sister-in-law, in spite of the fact that immediately her marriage to George West was dissolved Mrs. Cornwallis-West took her former title of Lady Randolph Churchill. There are some people who think Lady Randolph should have resumed her maiden name of Jerome, but this would have been irregular and inconvenient, as she is the mother of Mr. Winston Churchill. By the way, hard luck seems to have followed all the Wests lately. Never was there so unlucky a name in the Peerage for years.

* * *

The Blight Upon the Wests.

The Sackville-Wests have lately gone through a painful period over Sir John Scott's will, and the Algernon-Wests have never recovered from their trouble over Sir Algernon's garrulity to Mrs. Asquith. Sir Algernon has written some delightful recollections in his day, but if he were to tell the story of his family affairs, what would not some of the enterprising publishers give for the volume? Tragedy was, of course, when Sir Algernon's son Horace actually held a job at Court, but that day is over. He and his wife were struck off the Buckingham Palace invitation list as far back as 1908.

Horace West married Canon Leighton's daughter, and as she had already divorced one husband she ought to have been careful whom she next went through it with. Horace wasn't much better than her "first," however. The malady that he brought home he also communicated to his wife, and after the birth of her third child there was sad trouble in the house. Eventually the story got to King Edward, and His Majesty directed the Wests to be *outed*.

THE SIREN.

Algernon West had been in the "Court set" for the best part of his life. His mother was Lady Maria Walpole, a daughter of the second Earl of Orford. He is rich, a London banker, and a director of assurance and railway companies.

For fifty years he has been amongst the Empire makers, not the least of whom was Mr. Gladstone, whose devoted private secretary Sir Algernon was. In days of yore the Grand Old Man used to stay with Sir Algernon at his charming little house at Wanborough, on the northern slopes of the Hog's Back, and for Sir Algernon to find himself and family snubbed at Court after a life-time of familiarity with it, was a nasty blow. But Sir Algernon should have been kinder to his daughter-in-law under the circumstances. The best of us are human, and it is always the woman who suffers! It stands to the credit of King Edward that when Horace West's wife got *her* side of the story before His Majesty, he at once ordered Lord Spencer (who was Lord Chamberlain then) to restore her name to the list.

Duke and Duchess Who Keep "In the Background."

And there are lots of other people whom one never meets in general society, and who are always something of a puzzle, as nobody quite knows why they fail to figure. Not to mention a score or two of important peers and a hundred baronets who might play big parts if they cared, there are some of the wearers of our strawberry leaves who seem to spend their lives in "cutting" their equals. His Grace of Leeds, for instance. *And* his Duchess! The Duke himself is no gad-about, but since his Duchess decided to give up Society in the season, his Grace positively has to hide himself in order to attain that obscurity which he yearns for.

Since he gave up the Bedale pack nearly ten years ago, and let his house in Grosvenor Crescent to Lord Radnor, his Grace has become a familiar figure only at Cowes, Bordighera, and at Hornby Castle. They say that his Grace hates being a Duke, like the late Duke of Sutherland, and is always anxious not to be known for what he is, except amongst his own people, where his worth is appreciated. He is tall and whiskered, and might be a commercial traveller who can't afford to 'bus it, and one can readily feel some sympathy for a man who, however good his personal traits, is cast for a life part feeling that he doesn't look it. As for the Duchess, she is one of Lord Durham's sisters, and enjoys the love of the Duke undisturbed by thoughts of any other woman. Although some of our dukes are so semi-detached, the rest are positive marvels of domestic mildness. And the mildest of them all is his Grace of Leeds.

* * *

A Ducal "Angel in Disguise."

The Duke's mildness, in fact, had a curious exemplification some years ago. He and the Duchess were staying in Naples, and his Grace, who is fearless if gentle, and never locks his door o' nights, went to bed without a suspicion of a plot. In the night a wily Neapolitan walked quietly into the Duke's room, picked up his Grace's purse, with some four hundred and forty pounds in notes in it, and walked out again. Since then the Duke has had his faith in human nature considerably shaken. But the man who would go to bed in a strange hotel in Naples without locking his door, must indeed be an angel in disguise. The Duchess of Leeds has not been in robust health for years, and she has been a source of much anxiety to the Duke, and what with his charming sister, Lady Constance Hatch, the Duke's own family are a source of obsession to him.

As for Lady Constance Hatch, she well represents the Leeds family in Society, for she keeps out of nothing—not even the Sackville case or Sir John Scott's will—and she is the most indefatigable woman in Society. She knows everybody, and goes everywhere. She married, when twenty-five, the athletic manufacturer, Ernest Hatch, and the Duke got him a baronetcy. Sir Ernest contested Gorton five times before he won his seat in the Commons, and he has written a book on the defence of Free Trade, which he now regrets. He lets his irrepressible wife have her own way, and so they rub along together.

* * *

The Draper's 'Prentice Who Founded the Leeds Family.

The Dukedom of Leeds is not one of the four surviving dukedoms which were conferred upon King Charles II.'s brats by his *filles d'amour*. But the first Duke was one of the Merrie Monarch's cronies, and it was King Charles who improved the head of the house of Osborne into a peer of the realm. King Charles's successor, William III., made Lord Osborne a Duke, and a subsequent Duke of Leeds made a Duchess of one of his kitchen wenches, and lived to repent. The Osbornes began romantically enough, for the first of the family was a draper's 'prentice of London Bridge, who jumped into the river to save his master's daughter's life, and was rewarded with her hand in marriage. Ned Osborne lived to be knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and to be Lord Mayor of London, and the fifth Duke's wife subsequently married John Byron, the father of the poet. Though his present Grace is so little seen in Society, they got him into the House of Lords the other night to vote against Home Rule.

There is, says the *Times*, even in the most orderly livers of both sexes, an instinct of rebellion which must find some harmless vent if it is not to rankle in the mind. Each liver will doubtless decide its manner of escape according to its lights.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Dress Which Reveals.

The daily papers—from the halfpennies with the largest circulations to the tuppenny *Times*—are indulging in an orgy of discussion upon the scantiness of modern feminine attire, and we should blush to reproduce some of the things which have been said by resounding organs of public opinion. One thing seems to emerge from the controversy. The *Times* may thunder and the *Daily Mirror* coruscate, but the female woman goes on in her own sweet way, and doesn't care a tinker's swearword what is said about her and her lack of modesty in revealing her charms to the glance of the casual passer-by. If Dame Fashion decrees that a vast expanse of bosom must be unveiled, or skirts be worn so skimpy in cut and gossamer-like in texture that they accentuate rather than conceal, or that flimsy lace-like legwear shall clamour for a place in the sun—well, that seems it. There is nothing more to be said—although it must be confessed that nothing *is* being said at very great length.

* * *

Why Clothes Are Worn.

There was one little gem in a *Times* article on clothes and character which we cannot refrain from repeating. It is so cryptic that taken with or without its context it can only be accepted as a pronouncement of deep wisdom. Here it is: "The woman who dresses only to be in the fashion will wear clothes that were originally devised to express a way of life painfully different from her own." Of course, if it is accepted that clothes are devised to express a way of life this might explain a great deal. But we doubt it. In our mind's eye we can scarcely see a Worth expert sitting down, say, to devise a costume to express the habits of a retired pork-butcher's widow who eats peas with a knife and has a penchant for pickled onions and "something short" in her tea, who takes a bath once a week whether she needs it or not, reads nothing but Charles Garvice's novels and the *Family Herald Supplement*, and considers it the height of luxury to go for a fortnight in the summer to Southend.

PEOPLE WHO BORE US: No. 7.—The fond mother and her infant prodigy

or Margate. The task would be too complicated—for is not woman, in the abstract and in the concrete, a mass of contradictions. No! We really decline to believe that clothes are devised to express a way of life.

* *

Hints for Highland Lairds.

While on the subject of clothes, may we, on behalf of the purveyors of pickles and pills, and other succulent articles of commerce who, as we were told recently on high authority, are now peopling the castles and mansions of bonny Scotland, offer sincere thanks to the Inverness Kilt Society for the recently issued rules for the correct wearing of Highland dress. A formidable committee has been engaged in interesting research on the matter, amongst its members being Lord Lovat, Lord Seafield, the Mackintosh of Mackintosh and Lochiel (Mr. Cameron of Lochiel), whose names have that true peaty flavour without which no Scotch is genuine. Their conclusions, which we judiciously refrain from quoting, as to how far the kilt must come down and how far the hose must go up, together with the precise dimensions of leg which may be visible, are calculated to delight the heart of the Southron whose great delight it is on the Glorious Twelfth to cultivate the heather step in a costume which relieves his mind from any anxiety as to whether his unwonted exercise will cause his trousers to bag at the knees.

* *

Ministers on the Stump.

There is something not a little amusing about the indignation of the American newspapers with Mr. Bryan, Secretary of State, who is touring the country to deliver lectures at £50 a time, with one-half the takings over £100. Apparently an American Minister may accept bribes from capitalists who wish to influence legislation, or feather his nest in scores of other equally reprehensible ways, and nobody will think any the worse of him. But if he strives to add to his inadequate salary in a perfectly honest way the fat is in the fire at once. There are shrieks for his resignation and wails as to his lack of the sense of dignity, and so forth. But why shouldn't he talk if he wants to, and can get well paid for it? At any rate it keeps him out of mischief, and it is at any rate as dignified and proper as amateurish dabblings in speculative investments. The truth is that the "spoils of office" is a delusive term, both here and in the States. Most men who are clever enough to reach Cabinet rank would make a great deal more money in any other profession, and the public know it. The case of Mr. Bryan merely accentuates that fact.

* * *

The Value of "The Provinces."

There is a tendency in a certain section of the London Press to detract from the value and expediency of the King's visit to Lancashire, and we think it is singularly ungracious to suggest (as has been suggested) that Lancashire is grudgingly counting the cost of the very fine welcome which was extended to His Majesty. One newspaper reckoned this out in terms of pounds per minute—£350, if our memory serves. All this is merely one more symptom of the utter ignorance of the London Press as to the life, opinions and feelings of the great provincial towns. Taken all round, the reports of the King's journeyings were very well done, but there was more than one jarring element, and the trouble seems to come from the acquired habit of Londoners of considering the King and Court their own special particular property and privilege, and the ingrained belief that the Metropolis is the hub of the universe. Of course it is, in many respects.

ABSURD ON THE FACE OF IT.

But it is very certain that the provinces could exist without London a great deal better than London could exist without the provinces. Moreover, all the people in England do not live or work in London. Londoners might ponder over a scrap of the evidence given by the Chief Constable of Manchester before the Select Committee on Motor Traffic last week. He adduced figures which showed that the numbers of persons and vehicles entering and leaving a square mile area in Manchester in the course of twenty-four hours were almost identical with the figures for the square mile of the City of London during the twelve working hours of the day. And Manchester is only one of our populous provincial towns, who only get an opportunity to see Royalty once or twice in a decade.

* * *

Crystal Palace Sentiment.

Now that the area covered by the Crystal Palace and its grounds has been saved from the operations of the speculative builder, we seem to be entering upon a sea of speculation as to what is to be done with it. Frankly, we have been unable to work up any sentiment about the Palace, that is to say, the building itself. We regard it as a pretentious sort of white elephant, fit for little else than to serve as a paradise for militant suffragettes, or a penitentiary for backbiting politicians who are obsessed (publicly) with suspicions of

"graft" among their opponents, and who have forgotten the warning of the time-honoured proverb. The best thing to do with the Palace is to do away with it, and to erect on a portion of the space some building which would be a little use in the world; that is, if it is thought advisable to have any buildings at all. The present huge greenhouse can never be adapted to serve any good purpose, and the sooner it is pulled down the better.

* * *

Among the Pharisees.

A reader of the *Daily News* has suffered a frightful shock, which it is to be hoped will not bring his (or her) grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. One more proof of the horrible decadence of the British woman was thrust before her (we will say "her," because the *D.N.* reader is evidently an old woman of one sex or other) early-Victorian eyes the other evening with terrible effect. She scarcely retained sufficient strength to seize a pen and indite an epis. to the favourite daily organ of the unco' guid. Not to keep you lingering in suspense let us quote: "A few days ago a lady passed my house in North London at dusk smoking a cigarette. *She was to all appearances a perfectly respectable woman*, etc." (The italics are ours). Perfectly dreadful, wasn't it? And in the twentieth century, too. What *is* the world coming to?

* * *

The "Great Unpaid" Again.

We have a crow to pick with the "Great Unpaid" of West Hartlepool. A few days ago a man named James Gifford was charged with indecent assault upon a little girl aged seven. At the time of his arrest, after having been identified by the girl, who made a statement in his presence, he said "All right. I admit everything." To the magistrates he said he was very sorry, but he had nothing to say. Yet these shining lights of the bench dismissed the case on the ground that there was not sufficient corroborative evidence to send the prisoner for trial. Great Scott! What sort of corroborative evidence did the West Hartlepool Solons expect? Clear evidence by the victim and admission of guilt by the culprit seems quite enough to be going on with. These human satyrs do not carry on their beastly practices in the full glare of daylight. They do not collect a crowd as witnesses of their lewd behaviour. We wonder what sort of corroborative evidence would have been required if the child assaulted had happened to be the daughter of one of the magistrates? It is very evident that the sooner West Hartlepool gets a stipendiary magistrate the better it will be for the morals of the town. The present bench by cases such as this are encouraging vice instead of stamping it out.

* * *

Schools as Holiday Doss-Houses.

August will see many private schools at holiday resorts turned into boarding houses for visitors, a practice which is strongly to be condemned. What happens is usually this: The school is taken by some London speculator who proceeds to cram into it as many guests as he possibly can. The inmates are frequently of a low class, uncleanly and disease-ridden. They sleep in the children's beds, use the crockery, and so on, with the result that when the children return they often contract horrible diseases, for as a rule no proper time for disinfecting the school is allowed between the departure of the boarders and the return of the children. Here are two cases from Margate, where the practice is particularly rife. A girls' school was let as a boarding-house. Shortly before the end of the holidays some of the boarders developed measles. The boarding-house keeper happened to be a decent sort, and notified the schoolmistress. Did she inform the parents? No! She was afraid to tell them that she had let the school. The place was perfunctorily disinfected, the children returned, and a severe outbreak of measles followed. In the other case a school that had been let was vacated the day before the children returned, and left in a disgusting state. Drains were stopped up, mattresses fouled, windows broken—everywhere there was dirt and filth. It took nearly six weeks to put the place straight, and during all this time the children were living under the most insanitary and uncomfortable conditions. That there was not an outbreak of typhoid was something like a miracle. Needless to say, in most cases parents are not aware that their children's schools are turned into holiday doss-houses in the summer, and would strongly object if they did know.

THE LYONS MALE—AND FEMALE.
[With Apologies to both.]

JOKES COMPETITION.

The Editor offers a prize of 10s. each week to the reader who sends the Best Joke *suitable for illustration*. Original and topical jokes will, of course, stand the best chance, but a really good chestnut which has not been out for an airing lately will also be in the running. The current issue should be consulted for an idea of the kind of thing we want. The Competition will be judged at noon on Wednesday in each week, and late arrivals will be included among the competitors of the succeeding week. Envelopes or postcards must be marked "Joke Competition," and addressed to the Editor, *Modern Life*, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C.

This week's prize goes to —

MR. P. C. BAUCUTT,
13, High Street (South), EAST HAM.

whose joke was the best of a rather poor lot. Competitors should note the words italicized. Most of the efforts submitted were entirely unfit for use with an illustration.

The Beit Memorial Fellowship have instituted a research as to the nature of the virus of sand-fly fever. Honest Injun declare that another fitting labour for the Beit trustees would be a search for some method of circumventing the activities of the sugar-fly.

* * *

Properly executed the sailor's hornpipe is the best exposition of a perfectly co-ordinated mind and body, says Miss Theodora Johnson, of the Swedish Institute for Physical Education, Clifton. But not, of course, if there is any jig in the proceedings.

* * *

They do things better in the United States. A large ornament of crystallised gold, stated to be worth £2,000,000, has been hewn from a gigantic meteor which fell on a Californian ranch. In this effete old country even the silver clouds has only a silver lining.

* * *

Dr. Jowett says that a tourist does not see a people, only sees their wardrobe. Tourists who visit certain continental bathing resorts, however, declare that they see a lot more of the people than of their wardrobes.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Who is the pretty American woman who for several days haunted a particular spot close to Hyde Park Corner? Is it a fact that she had "taken a fancy" to the police constable who kept point duty there, and was she eventually tackled by an inspector and asked to "move on"?

* * *

Does the lively young peer who got "held up" for exceeding the speed limit whilst on a motor tour advised by a doctor for the purpose of counteracting the results of fast living, really consider being "run in" a cure for being run down"?

* * *

Can anybody tell us what the lady of title can see in the monkey-faced little jockey who was at one time a street arab out in Sydney? Whether she has yet recovered from the shock she received a few weeks ago when she was surprised by her husband at that lunch in the private room of the little restaurant in Soho? Whether the way she drove to brave out the situation wasn't the most creditable, and what the little jockey means by way of explaining his inability to sit down? Why the outraged husband didn't use his fists, and was it that he thought a stout hunting crop more suitable to the profession and the occasion?

* *

That the clergyman schoolmaster of high degree is seen nightly on the promenade of the Empire. That his wife, who possessed twenty thousand pounds when he married her, is ekeing out a miserable existence in a Bloomsbury boarding house on an allowance of two pounds a week. That week-end visits to Brighton are not altogether unobserved, and that it is high time that such a scoundrel was made an example of.

* *

That the good-looking Parson from the Midlands was having a good time last week in the somewhat rapid drinking end of a good house, also that he is to be complimented on the way he came to the occasion when his old college friend touched him on the shoulder and greeted him so heartily. That his remark delivered in excellent professional style—"I have nothing to learn that my presence here is ill-placed. What nobler than to urge these young women to a better and a better life"—was excellent plus. He *couldn't* have been the fool of the family."

* *

Was the golden-haired young damsel, who availed herself of the dark-eyed foreigner's kind offer to teach her swimming and afterwards took a "sun-bath" with him upon the beach, surprised to find herself waited upon by him the following evening in a swallow-tailed coat decorated with brass buttons? Was not "mamma" extremely indignant at the insolent glances which he bestowed upon her daughter, and have she and the "ewe lamb" now taken up their residence in another hotel?

* * *

They are telling this story against a well-known member of the Press Club. He emerged from the club into Fleet Street late one night just as a fire-engine clattered by. "Hi, stop!" he shouted, and gave chase, but his legs betrayed him and he fell down. Then he was heard to murmur as he shook his fist at the retreating engine: "Alri', alri'! if you don't want to sell your bloomin' chestnuts, keep 'em!"

* * *

What was the name of the young cub who sent "Jimmy" a note saying "Have just met Lulu. Leaving for Brighton! Bow-wow!"? And why the wife of the young cub seemed to fancy Brighton that particular week end?

* *

Why was the Duke looking so glum at Maxim's the other day? And, by the way, where's Gerty now? And what about that ruby necklace for which His Grace paid ten thousand pounds?

* *

Why doesn't the good-looking nobleman with the fair moustache manage his affairs a little more skilfully? What on earth possessed him to take the barmaid down to the country house, knowing that her beautiful ladyship had only gone away for the day? How did he feel when the servants *en masse* refused to take orders? and what will happen in the case of the valuable old family butler who was with his father before him, and who so far forgot himself as to stammer: "For shame, master! For shame!"?

* *

Who were the two medical students evidently making things hum a little at the Buxton Hydro last week, and was placing the fire extinguisher in the old maid's bed by the side of her unfolded "nighty" the best practical joke they could think of? Silly idiots!

* * *

Why has the picture of the young nobleman's "dusky" fancy been "cast into outer darkness," at any rate for the present? That just now he is being a good boy. As a matter of fact recent disclosures have set a few mothers talking; and Babel isn't in it according to all we hear. Moreover, as in many cases the cutting of allowances is threatened we are not likely to hear of any more actress-peer sensations for a little while.

* * *

Is it true that the police have their eye on a certain South London golf club, for the reason that on Sunday morning it is practically a public house, and that visitors are allowed to pay for drinks?

Unsophisticated Mermaid (examining find): "How curious! Another of those empty shells."

BELOW STAIRS.

I stood at the Gates of Hell.

There was a grinding crash; and the Devil appeared between the ever-widening doors, grinning jovially.

"Come in," he cried, in a Hail-fellow-well-met sort of tone.

"I—I'd rather not!" I hastened to assure him. "I am really here out of mere idle curiosity, and do not purpose making a stay. Business brisk?"

"Very!" he returned.

Allowing my memory to dwell on an interview with a portly millionaire who made his money out of "Why-be-bilious?" pills, I produced my notebook, and enquired:

"Aw—to what principally do you attribute your—er—this boom?"

"Peek-a-boo blouses, revues, Lloyd George, and, of course, the weather!" he replied. "To say nothing of your other institutions—the L.C.C., George Bernard Shaw, Bradshaw, and *Punch*."

"Ah! . . I have heard from several sources that Mr. George must inevitably frizzle here? Have you any idea —"

"Half-a-mo'," he said cheerily. A most entertaining devil, I thought. A shrill whistle and a grimy little fiend came staggering under the weight of a massive tome.

"You see," explained my preceptor, as he took the book, "I enter all probables in this, probables, mind you—together with their respective punishments, so that if they *do* eventually come my way, I know what to do with 'em. George—G—I agree with Mr. George R. Sims and do not allow the hyphen. Lloyd George,"—he ran his finger down the page—"ah! here he is. M' Yes."

"His punishment?" I asked eagerly.

"To be dosed till Eternity with medicine of Insurance quality!"

I almost shook his Satanic Majesty's hand.

"You will observe we try to make the punishment fit the crime. For instance"—he turned to the index—"if Sir George Alexander should—er—take up his residence with me, he will be domiciled in a room whose walls are composed entirely of mirrors: and he will be forced to wear baggy trousers. Any other friend you would like to hear of?"

"Mr. Hall Caine?"

"Who's he?"

"Oh! he *would* be annoyed!" I murmured. "Don't you really know?"

The Devil turned up his book. "Oh, yes! Miss Marie Corelli and he will be chained three yards apart to be allowed to give their opinions on things in general, and Miss Corelli and Hall Caine in particular! They will be permitted to read each other extracts from their latest books—as long as I am out of ear-shot!" he added, significantly.

"Horrible!" I muttered. "But should one only ——?"

"They're inseparable," interrupted the Devil.

"And—er—Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence—the Baconian?"

"Will require to convince William Shakespeare that he (Shakespeare) did not write his own plays!"

"What!" I cried, in astonishment. "Is Shakespeare here?"

"Sh-sh-s-sh!" said the Devil, as he ran over the pages at random.

"Algernon Ashton will be compelled to read all his own letters, poor devil; Mr. Carnegie will everlastingly be made to listen to strenuous pieces played on innumerable organs by amateurs; Mr. Plowden will *roast* chestnuts eternally; Mr. Frank Richardson will be made to use Tatcho and grow whiskers; Mr.—but, really, I'll need to go. The fires are rather low at present. A British Working Man—O, those British Working Men—came here yesterday—they come in thousands—and already he has prevailed on my stokers to go on strike. Complaints have been made on all sides by indignant inmates, and two already have caught a chill. We're in the thick of that strike just now."

"The devil you are!" I cried, in amazement.

"Who else?" he asked. Then, as he turned to go—

"Quite sure you're not coming in?"

"No, thanks!" I said, gushingly, and he ran his fingers through his book.

"Oh! it doesn't matter!" he returned. "I see you're down on my list!"

* * *

"Life," I thought, pensively, as the alarm buzzed in my ears in cruel mockery, and its hands seemed placed to its nose in derision, "is a raffle. . . And lobsters do not agree with me."

Eric de Banzie.

THE DAY OF REST.

SOCIETY QUERIES.

Which famous hostess was it who sent invitations to dinner to both the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and then at the last moment remembered what might happen, and met? And if her Ladyship was not very smart in settling the matter by hurriedly sending round special messages to all guests that the death of a very near relation made the postponement of the dinner inevitable?

* * *

Whether the beautiful Lady Naylor-Leyland is not going through a period of anxiety about her son, the young buck who no longer always tells his mother where he is going?

* * *

Whether the end of the season has not already left many sad hearts behind it? And whether Lady Helen Grosvenor is still determined not to wed the baronet until he goes on his bended knees"?

* * *

And whether some of our millionaire nobility are not glad that the end of July allows them to escape to sea in their yachts? Lord and Lady Inverclyde, to wit!

* * *

Why so many of the Knights of the Bath failed to appear on the only occasion upon which they have had an opportunity of being seen in their glorious scarlet robes, and whether some of them had never troubled to get a robe, and could not borrow one, all the rest being in use; and whether three members of the Order never received invitations to the historic ceremony, and why?

* * *

Why the King is not going to shoot with Lord Ripon this season, and why all the other September and October shoots in the Midlands, Lancashire and Yorkshire are abandoned. And if the servants at Studley Royal, Croxteth Hall and Chatsworth will not lose a fortune in tips in consequence.

* * *

And if it is not the intention of the King and Queen to go for a long cruise in the Royal Yacht when they leave Cowes, for a moral? And if it is not an undeniable fact that the King and Queen have "worked like niggers" to make the Coronation a success, and are thoroughly deserving of their holiday.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

HE WONDERED.

often wonder," obfuscatedly mused skimpy little Mr. peck, "why any woman's husband is ever called her nd master?"

* * *

dbub: What do you consider the most delicate form of y?

icus: Telling a married man he doesn't look it.

* * *

A TRUE CAVALIER.

amson is the very essence of courtesy."

is?"

s; at the Hemmandhaw's ball the other night, he even ed to the wall flowers as mural decorations."

* * *

any rate, I have the courage of my opinions!"

rhaps. But what opinion have you of your courage?"

* * *

hat! You have the impudence to come to poor Smith's al, when you know very well that he had threatened to your face in?"

actly. Now I am no longer afraid of him."

* * *

her: Perhaps the young man needs encouragement. ust be careful not to frighten him.

ughter: Yes, mamma. That's why I want you to leave om when he arrives.

* * *

st City Man: So you have sent your wife to the seaside. long time?

e Other: For as long a time as possible.

* * *

ient: Oh, doctor, I don't know what's the matter with My head feels so heavy.

ctor: Well, what could you expect? You would have teeth filled with gold.

* * *

notice you have a new kitchen maid," said Mrs. ock Holmes.

have," replied Mrs. Watson. "But I think it's perfectly erful how you can make such accurate deductions."

ife simple, my dear. I've been comparing the thumb- on the plates."

* * *

he time will come," thundered the suffragette orator, en women will get a man's wages!"

es," sadly muttered a man on the rear seat, "next Satur- ight."

* * *

a way," she mused, "getting married is like using a one." ow so?"

ne doesn't always get the party one wants."

THE YOUNG PLANT.

e make him do physical culture, doctor. It is bringing him along splendidly."

s, I can see—he is already beginning to sprout."

—*Le Rire.*

(*La Vie Parisienne* pokes fun at British prudery in the matter of riding astride, finishing with the following suggestion, illustrated as above):

To make things agreeable for everybody, let us preserve the lady's saddle and suppress the skirt. Then the admirers of a lady's figure can view the rider from one side, while others will preserve their modesty by keeping strictly to the other side.

TO EXPAND THE CURRENCY.

He had just given her a check for her first monthly allowance.

"I think," she said coyly, "I shall have this check photographed."

"To preserve as a memento?" he asked.

"No; so I can have it enlarged."—*Judge.*

* * *

TRICKING HER.

The editor of a great magazine sent for a certain author who had submitted an unsolicited manuscript.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir," said the editor enthusiastically. "The story you sent us is perfectly splendid. But why use a nom de plume? Let us publish it over your own name, and it will make you famous."

"I'm not after fame," objected the author. "It's money I want."

"But you'll get just as much money in either case."

"No, I won't. If I publish it over my own name my wife will get the money."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

* * *

DELIA BATHING.

She wears, to keep her tresses from the wave,
A cap and netting;
With dainty shoes upon her feet, to save
Those feet from wetting.
In skirt and bodice of a creamy serge
She meets the surges;
Or, standing hesitant upon the verge,
One foot she merges.
In playful mood she dallies with the tide,
Splashing it neatly.
(If she went further in, you see, 'twould hide
Her dress completely.)

—*Judge.*

* * *

Parke: Do you leave your servants in charge of your house during the summer?

Lane: Not any more so than the rest of the year.—*Life.*

* * *

SHE KNEW THE COUNT.

Mayor Whitlock, of Toledo, was talking about a Toledo heiress who had married a count.

"Well, at any rate," said he, "the girl seemed convinced that the count had no unworthy motives.

"'Don't you know,' a friend said to her, some months before the wedding, 'don't you know that the count is simply marrying you for your money, so that he can pay his bills?'

"'Nonsense!' she replied. 'The count never thinks of paying his bills.'"—*New York Tribune.*

* * *

ON THE FACE OF IT.

The information editor received this letter from a fresh youth:

"Kindly tell me why a girl always closes her eyes when a fellow kisses her."

The editor replied:

"If you will send us your photograph, we may be able to tell you the reason."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Which member of the Lyceum Club has the letters G.H. tattooed on her right leg? And where the operation was performed, and by whom?

* * *

That we English are about the most inconsistent nation under the sun. At a prominent south coast watering place a new order of things prevaileth. "Married couples may not share the same bathing box." Whether the faces of the two old people up from the country weren't a study, and whether either of them will ever see sixty again?

* * *

The sort of upbringing that was resorted to in the case of the young lady who recently married, and on the day of her marriage went to her room and locked the door. What her not altogether young husband thought and said when, in response to his gentle knock, a voice said "Go away, and don't be so forward!" And on the top of that we are told that flappers know more than their grandmothers.

* *

Who is the lady known among her society friends as "Beacon"? Has this anything to do with the colour of her nose?

* *

Whether the distinguished member of the United Services Club still uses "sunbronze"? And whether his valet speaks the truth when he says his master takes three solid hours to dress in the morning? If this doesn't put mere woman in the shade completely?

* *

That the young subaltern should be careful. "Dodo's" husband is a big man.

* *

That "Buzzy" should have had more sense than to run such risks. That the lady was not the sole occupant of cabin 38. That he must have felt a fool when hauled up before the captain and threatened with being deposited on terra firma at the next stopping place. That the captain might have winked—unofficially—of course, since he's no better than he ought to be.

* * *

Whether the young ex-King of Portugal, said to be suffering from some slight indisposition, has ever tried "manual" labour as a cure?

* * *

From the *Canterbury and Chatham Gazette*: "Young widow of good appearance and accomplishments wishes to give services in bachelor's house, where she could play piano and have son." Whatever next will they want?

* * *

The identity of the æsthetic-looking individual who drove up to a hydro in the Midlands the other day in a swagger motor car and threw himself about with such extraordinary confidence. Whether he wasn't clever to lead the conversation round to "the occult." And also whether his offer "to give a demonstration after tea in the drawing-room" wasn't a splendid piece of theatrical bluff. Whether it wasn't rather sickening to see the way he was fawned upon by the women, both married and single, and what the two ladies who cashed those two cheques are now saying to each other, and whether anything else was missing after he had taken his departure.

* * *

Whether, if all the "wild women" were banished to the Island of St. Helena, as some extremists have suggested, the inhabitants would at once put the accent upon the first syllable of the word?

* * *

Whether the k'nuts are now cultivating almond-shaped nails?

* * *

Whether the "microbes-on-money scare" will have any effect in inducing people to stop handling coins?

* * *

That the young society girl, recently recalled to fill a high position, is finding her path anything but strewn with roses. Rather is she finding it a stoney way for delicate, untrained feet. That the old Irish servant who has known her from the day of her birth is wringing her hands in typical Celtic fashion, and was heard to remark somewhat too frequently, "Holy saints, if the young master isn't after looking like the divil again, an' the young darlin' cryin' her pretty eyes out like a blessed baby?"

*

Whether a famous novelist doesn't feel shy of visiting St. Ives, in Cornwall. And whether it is because a certain prominent artist is on the look out with a view to settling old score?

*

Why the young actor should be, as said, apropos of his forthcoming union between the "Bond Jones lady" and the young guardsman, "Well, they'll never need to buy matches. The children's boots will do just the same!"

*

What the lady of the ever tell-tale features said as she emerged from the

GIRLS WE KNOW.—"THE OPERA GIRL."

cabin on board the s.s. "Worcestershire" to see that the golden balls had been suspended over her door? What is the source of her income isn't invariably the cause of the utmost annoyance to her? Who made the "balls"? And who was the young subaltern seen going downstairs with three apples in one hand and some gold paper in the other?

* * *

He is a very lively comedian who, however, fancies himself in tragedy. Recently he was giving a potted version of "Richard the Third" with himself as "Crookback." In the evening he was engaged in the sword-fight and was slashing away vigorously when from the gallery came a calm juvenile voice saying "Thanks. I'll take a wing, please."

* * *

He is a well-known Fleet Streeter, who still wears the old-fashioned night-gown. Recently he got home rather late and declining supper on the ground that he thought he had an attack of 'flue coming on, he crept up to bed. All might have been well, but when his spouse in her turn retired for the night she found hubby snoring away in *her* much-beribboned *robe-de-nuit*.

"Do you know what my reason for refusing to marry you is?"
"I can't think."
"Exactly. Right first time."

The Crystal Palace is behind the *Times* or

* * *

the present excessive display of "leg" will idemic of calf-love?

* * *

the latest dance called the "Peacock Glide" ised as being "graceful, refined, and free from estion of vulgarity," stands much chance of be- popular in view of the present standard of taste?

* * *

er the flight of the pretty French governess with ood-looking young air-man from Niort Deux to Issy Paris, may be described as an elopement bi-plan?

* * *

has been duly noted in the press, Lord Rocksavage, in the 9th Lancers, achieved some notoriety by wear- whiskers. To the young officer desirous of publicity present the following tip: Let him be seen wearing his ora off duty.

* * *

names of the influential men which were discreetly of court during the recent Queenie Gerald case, and count of bribing that went on among the police in to ensure the desired secrecy?

* * *

ther it is true that King Manoel is now an ardent ter of Byron, and that he commits much of the poet's to heart in order to recite it to his *fiancée*?

Whether the American who is said to give away over £200,000 in tips every year has more dollars than cents?

* *

Whether the French writer, who claims to tell a man's character from his boots makes a special study of the sole?

* *

Whether the Parisian baby who elected to come into the world on the top stage of the Eiffel Tower will appreciate the distinction of having been "high born"?

* *

Whether a patrol of boats has been chartered to keep all photographers, both amateur and professional, from approaching too near to the "Victoria and Albert" when she moors off Cowes?

* *

Whether several annoying, and also some amusing incidents—notably the affair of the young lady journalist, who "snapped" the *chef* under the impression that he was some distinguished foreign guest—occurred last year for want of this precaution?

* *

Whether Miss Kitty Marion was speaking anatomically when she said that "she was an actress in some places, and a music hall artist in others?"

* * *

Whether "Rats!" is the term of disgust in which the hunger strikers refer to the Cat and Mouse Act?

* * *

Whether Mrs. Pankhurst's intention to "walk strike" is an indication that she is now prepared to take things lying down?

* * *

Whether the lady who attended the 'Varsity match at Lords, in a gown so transparent as to reveal absolutely all she had on underneath, was at least covered with confusion when the fact was made known to her by a courageous policeman?

* * *

What the poet Housman meant by saying in the course of an address to the Women's Franchise League, that "To gird the loins was not always sufficient. It was sometimes necessary to strip?" And what his wife's views are on the subject?

* * *

Whether Mme. Pavlova's new dance "En Orange" is a perfect peach?

* * *

Whether the Parisian dancer whose chief attraction seems to be her "spider-web" costume, and who is shortly to be induced, by the aid of a very tempting salary, to appear amongst us in London, is not a little "fly" after all?

* * *

Whether the pursuit of certain titled ladies who are taking up gardening may be described as haughty-culture?

* * *

Whether the marriage of Lord Carbery did not come as a distinct surprise to a number of people in spite of the announcement of the engagement a few weeks ago?

* * *

Whether the fact that we can't take our money with us when we die is an everlasting source of comfort to the lawyers?

* * *

The names of the Eton and Harrow "bloods" who safety-pinned the skirts of two ladies together at a recent garden party; and then, at a pre-arranged moment, summoned them in different directions?

* * *

Whether Earl Cowley finds the rôle of Don Juan his special *métier*, and whether he will marry Mrs. Buxton as he did the former Lady Hartopp?

* * *

Whether it was purely a mistake on the part of the society journal when the latter stated that a certain nobleman was going to Aix to undergo the "curse" of the waters. And whether there is not many a true word printed in error?

TABLOID TOPICS.

Earl Cowley is a very "dressy" man. His favourite attire, of course, is a divorce suit.

* * *

A firm are advertising for a lady accountant and cook. Is she wanted to cook the accounts?

* * *

M.P.'s have taken to smoking in Grand Committee. Proceedings of Grand Committees often do end in smoke.

* * *

"Women Going Cheap" shrieks *Votes for Women* from its posters. But some women would be dear at any price.

* * *

At a small Leicester village all the inhabitants are red-haired. The local "bloods" are naturally known as gingernuts.

* * *

A Norfolk cow has given birth to three calves, which are all doing well. A very praiseworthy effort to gain the King's bounty!

* * *

According to Mr. Tom Wing, M.P., the herrings don't like the big guns. They have our sympathies. Big guns bore many people.

* * *

It was bound to come—an aeroplane elopement. The ancient invocation of the lover, "Fly with me," will now have a literal meaning.

* * *

A dear old lady of our acquaintance thinks it is very cruel to shoot the running deer at Bisley, and wants us to report the matter to the R.S.P.C.A.

* * *

The *Evening Standard* suggests that M.P.'s should be given the title of "Honourable." Judging by recent events this would be purely a courtesy title.

* * *

Forty pounds damages and costs were recently awarded against Joseph Quipp in a breach of promise case at Lincoln. Joseph isn't so full of merry quips and jests as usual.

* * *

"For the first time for thirty years a salmon weighing 10½lbs. was taken in a net yesterday in the River Orwell" (*Daily Mail*). Anyhow, he has had a good long holiday.

* * *

The Aube wine-growers are agitating for a change in the law denominating their product as "Second Zone Champagne." They evidently think it is hitting them below the belt.

* * *

Mr. Daniel Turner, of Santa Monica, attributes his having attained 107 years to the fact that he never married. A short life and a merry one is, happily for the race, the motto of most of us.

* * *

The inauguration of the Palace of Peace will shortly be performed by Queen Wilhelmina. Her Majesty will doubtless be supported by the Monarchs of Bulgaria, Servia, Greece and Roumania.

* * *

The War Office recently prohibited the carrying of pet dogs in hired transports conveying troops for foreign service. But we always thought barques had gone out of fashion in the Navy long ago.

* * *

A lady visitor, writing to the press, says she can sum England up in three words: "Grab, religion and drink." Pleasant sort of lady! Anyway, she is under no compulsion to stay here if she doesn't like us.

* * *

American athletes, we learn, are selling their blood—price 20 dollars a quart—for transfusion into the sick and weakly. We wish someone would try to transfuse some sportsmanship into the average American athlete.

* * *

If those forty Scotch bailies should appear again on Mr. Asquith's doorsteps we recommend a most effective way of getting rid of them. Let the Premier's Secretary go out and try and borrow saxpence of them.

* * *

"There was a case of mental deficiency which was hopeless up to eight years of age and now the man occupies a post in the Civil Service," said Mr. Watt, M.P., last Monday at the Select Committee on the Mental Deficiency (Scotland) Bill. Of course!

THE GLAD EYEBROW.

The girl in white gave me the glad eyebrow as she p... by. In other words, she worked her eyebrows in a... stunning way that a Burmese god would have ju... its pedestal to have a look at her.

I felt my heart wobble and my ears wag to and fr... gazing longingly after her as she strolled along t... shore, when she turned and our eyes met.

Strolling towards her in a languid manner, I raised m...

"Ah, have we not met before," I drawled, a... usual sea-shore introduction.

"I suppose so; let's sit down," she replied with a ... I murmured my delight, and led her to a nice secluded ... close by, where we seated ourselves.

After fixing my monocle in position, I turned to have a ... at her. Charming girl, very! The most remar... features about her were her eyebrows. Absolutely the ... in grace and beauty. I beamed on her.

"'Pon my soul," I exclaimed, "you are a charming g... Those ...

"Do you think so?" she archly asked me. ... brows worked again. Jove, what peaches!

"Do I think so? Why, you are the most divine ... femininity I've set my bally eye on this year." ... in laying it on strongly, you know.

She remained silent for a moment, scooping up ... which lay around us. All summer girls do this in impr... moments, by the way.

"What was it about me that first attracted you?" ... enquired, turning to look at me.

"My dear girl, it was your eyebrows," I at once info... her. "I have never seen such beauties in all my life."

"Oh, really," she laughed.

"It must be ripping to have such eyebrows as yo... reflected. "I mean to say, they are such assets to a ...

"Beautiful eyebrows are assets to everyone, ma... woman," my companion observed. "Look at all our g... men. They all have prominent eyebrows."

"Ah yes; quite so."

I was beginning to wonder whether this girl was a ... gette or something. But then, I decided, that was i... sible, for she was beautiful.

Dusk was falling, and few people were about, so ... her hand. One cannot fool about too long in seas... tions. The girl in white lifted her eyes to mine w... awfully sloppy look in them.

"Will you do me a favour?" she asked in a low ve...

Would I do her a favour! Just imagine the situ... A seaside beach, dusk falling, pretty girl, soulful ex... sion, holding hands. What a silly question for her to ...

"I'll do anything for you," I answered hoarsely. ... can easily switch on the hoarseness by diligent prac... "Tell me, is some scoundrel making your life a miser... will kill him at a word from your lips."

"No, no; it is not that."

"Not that?" I repeated. "Then, my life, what is ...

"Oh, you will do what I ask you to, won't you?" she ... plored me, pressing my hand.

This was getting interesting. Possibly some ... distress. I nodded my head grimly.

"Yes. I promise to do as you command. Tell me ... it is."

Before replying she lifted her handbag on to her ... and opened it. From it she withdrew a sm... along with a piece of pasteboard.

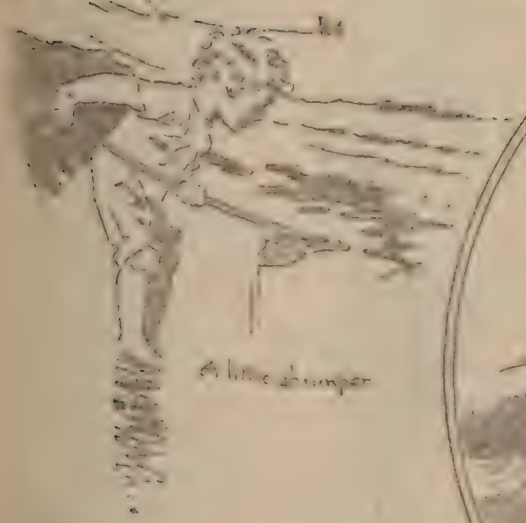
"That is my card," she informed me, handing ... latter article. "I represent the Excelsior Eyebr... ment Company, and this is a tin of their famous ... for producing beautiful eyebrows. If you apply ... ment to your eyebrows every evening before retir... will become as beautiful as mine. We have test... from all the crowned heads of Europe, whi... says he is never without a tin of this wonderful ... The *Daily Mail* writes of it as the elegant eye... What I want you to do is to purchase a tin of this m... ointment, which costs only ten shillings a tin, and ... you that you will not be disappointed. What. ... Only a sovereign? Never mind, you can ... Good-bye; thank you so much for doing what I ... you to do."

The amazing female arose and walked off, leaving ... a limp heap with two tins of Excelsior Eyebrow Oi... and minus a sovereign.

Arthur Poll...

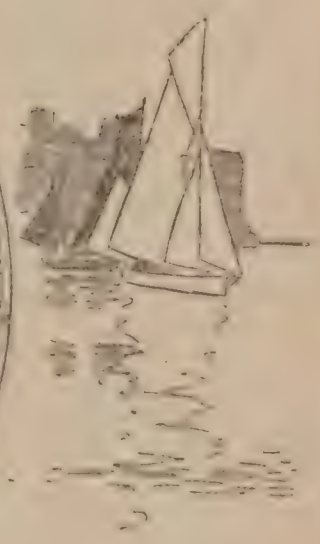
Scarborough

Children corner



A little dumpy

The Castle



Herrings

Scalby Mills

Making castles on the South shore

Ready to start for Scalby Mills

Sydney Aldridge

MODERN LIFE AT THE SEASIDE.—No. 5: SCARBOROUGH.

IN STAGELAND.

With regard to the Devonshire Park Winter Gardens at Eastbourne, may I beg of Mr. Brown to arrange that, at the outside cost of a few pounds, he improve his pretty theatre out of all recognition by causing to be laid a strip of matting or carpet on the stone-flagged corridor surrounding the auditorium, by erecting a curtain on the inside of this corridor to be drawn during performances, and by displaying notices requesting silent entrances and exits by the non-playgoing patrons of the Park? Very simple precautions these, which would at one and the same time ensure a fairer hearing for his players and stimulate a natural curiosity which would of itself comprise a most valuable advertisement. I should not give the matter all this space but for the fact that the tone and quality of these performances thoroughly warrant every consideration.

* * *

A few days ago Mr. Clive Currie's juvenile players were in possession at the above theatre with an incredibly clever repertoire including "As You Like It" and "King Renée's Daughter," brilliantly translated from the Danish by the Hon. Edmund Phipps.

* *

This latter gives us the most beautifully expressed lines that ever pleased our ears, and as they were expounded by a little band of artistes with positively precocious efficiency, a striking and novel stage effect was achieved. Cora Goffin, an exquisite little human poem new to serious drama, but already famous to Variety; Vera Gay, whom I remember playing the lead in a most desirable production at the Scala, which I visited one evening when my luck was in, somewhere around last Christmas; Nita des Vignes, of whom it is astounding to learn that she, in spite of her youth, understudied Miss Florence Smithson at the last Drury Lane pantomime; Tessie Parks and Ivy Edwards are undoubtedly destined to leave their mark upon a stage generation nearer than most of us realise. When the projected season at a new London theatre eventuates, as it will quite shortly, a consensus of expert opinion will justify my eulogy. A critic of great weight and importance has informed me that he regarded this move of Mr. Currie's as the most significantly important theatrical event of the week out of town. Time will prove!

* * *

It has been pointed out to me that my remarks anent the Arts Centre in a recent number have been misconstrued as an attack upon the Arts and Dramatic Club. I wish most emphatically to express none other than whole-hearted admiration for this truly magnificent enterprise. I am fortunate in reckoning Mr. St. John Joyner, its managing director, among my personal friends, and I am indeed sorry if I should have endangered our mutual understanding. It stands to reason that any institution that is fortunate enough to house schools of such far-reaching influences as Mme. Pavlova's and Mr. Currie's (as explained in preceding paragraphs) must of necessity be, in a measure, beyond criticism, much less attack.

Equally emphatic, however, am I that [illegible] The Actress's Franchise League [illegible] plague. One need only read the [illegible] disregard for common law as exemplified by [illegible] and other "police budget" varieties [illegible] supplied weekly by our militants, to understand [illegible] what I mean. I have sufficient genuine interest in the [illegible] not to be afraid to state this case clearly enough. [illegible] So when I was informed, while enjoying [illegible] yesterday, that some ladies under the same [illegible] were preparing me a nice fat writ for libel, I [illegible] happily, pushed myself a couple of inches further [illegible] divan, and derived a most unusual zest from my [illegible] toast by wondering what it feels like to be tried [illegible] ear by a miniature hose. I'll try it, and [illegible] the dear ladies have obtained their judgment [illegible] if only by way of supporting a strict principle [illegible] a stern bachelor instinct that I will buy [illegible] for my daughters!

Friend (to Actor): "Why buy it, old man, why buy it?"

Mr. de Courville informs me [illegible] our merry week that Sir J. Barrie's new three-act play [illegible] - Half-an-Hour - is produced at the Hippodrome by [illegible] September [illegible] Irene Vanbrugh [illegible] play the lead.

*

Mr. de Courville also informs me that the scene for the Prince of Wales Theatre production [illegible] - full of [illegible] - is extremely [illegible] melody. And [illegible] will accept [illegible] make as [illegible] cerful.

*

Now here's [illegible] - [illegible] - [illegible] -

MARY LADY CATHCART.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 13.

THE MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURES OF LADY CATHCART, WIFE OF FIELD-MARSHAL LORD CATHCART.

Amongst the noble families of Britain few have provided [illegible] many romantic characters as the Cathcarts. The Cathcarts [illegible] Earls of England since 1814, and Barons of Scotland since [illegible]. Tragedy has oft been the lot of the gallant members of [illegible] house, and their womenfolk have almost equalled [illegible] in devotion or in intellect. Like so many other [illegible] nilies, however, they have frequently been subjected [illegible] ari[illegible] the matrimonial lottery, and some queer [illegible] the Cathcart coronets. A young peer [illegible] subject to the emotions of love as men of lesser [illegible] the Cathcarts who have made unorthodox mar[illegible] been boys. The eighth Lord Cathcart, to wit, [illegible] to the altar with the lady who is the subject [illegible] he was no longer in his first youth. He had [illegible] widower with a family some years before, and being [illegible] the active list of the Army, in which he had already [illegible] distinction, he was equally game for a love affair whenever [illegible] came his way. Officers awaiting the call to arms have a [illegible] tough job finding congenial occupation, and love-making is [illegible] way to relieve the monotony. In the case of Lord Cath[illegible] it ended in a wedding, however, so he must have "got [illegible]." But let us begin with the lady.

"Belle o' Battersea."

[illegible] lady of the eighteenth century one of the prettiest [illegible] of London was by the river-side until you came to [illegible] Bridge, and then branched off to the quaint [illegible] village where there still remain traces of its [illegible] character. Not many of our readers have [illegible] Battersea village. It lies in a sort of cul de sac, far [illegible] the ordinary patrol of the City-going Londoner, and is [illegible] of London's unknown beauty spots. For miles all [illegible] and there are hideous chimney stacks and piles of squalid [illegible] buildings of a dirty yellow tint when they are not quite [illegible] with smoke, and not until you get to Lavender Hill a [illegible] breathe freely once more. But two centuries [illegible] one of the Sunday afternoon jaunts of the [illegible] coaches, and "the Quality," too, loved to [illegible] green meadows and silvery streams. When [illegible] of the City grew rich it was at sequestered old [illegible] they built their summer quarters, and there, [illegible] owners, went Thomas Malyn when he had made [illegible] years of industry in the heart of smoky Southwark. [illegible] Malyn took his wife and family, and amidst the [illegible] the Thames-side village his daughters grew to [illegible] lovely young English womanhood.

Malyn as a Hertfordshire County Lady.

[illegible] Thomas's four daughters Mary Malyn was admittedly the [illegible] lover of the flock," and before she was out of short frocks [illegible] City knights' sons had their eyes upon her. Thomas was [illegible] to take his little Mary to the City entertainments, and, [illegible] he perhaps desired it, one of the Lord Mayor's boys came [illegible] Battersea with protestations of love for Mary Malyn [illegible] determination to have her at all costs. Sir James Fleet [illegible] colleague of Thomas Malyn's, together they had [illegible] and bumptious, and the ex-Lord Mayor smiled when [illegible] and heir brought home Mary Malyn as chatelaine of [illegible] in Hertfordshire where he had installed his son Jim [illegible] gentleman." As the hostess of Tewin Hall, Mary [illegible] honours with charming grace, and she quite [illegible] shade the proud daughters of the noble old Hert[illegible] families of Clarendon, Salisbury, Lytton, Verulam, and Cowper. All seemed to prosper well for a long and happy career amongst the important county folk of Herts, when suddenly James Fleet was taken ill, and before his wife could realise her misfortune she was a widow!

Mary Makes Another Matrimonial Venture.

Desolation for a time seized the soul of Mary Malyn. It is hard to lose the man of one's heart while one is but twenty, but Time, the Healer, is very magnanimous to early youth. And the time came when Mary put off her weeds and with the roses blooming more brilliantly in her cheeks than ever, began to cast about her for a companion in the beautiful mansion her husband had bequeathed her. And ere long lovers came flocking to her door. Mary Malyn was a tender-hearted, though ambitious, girl, and, though eagerly sought in marriage by the young bloods of the county, she loved flirtation—what woman doesn't?—and she was in no hurry to go to the altar again so long as she assured herself against life-long widowhood. Of course they never forgot that she was only a tradesman's wife. They never do—the best people, that is, as another City knight who went to live in Hertfordshire in later days so well learned. He was Sir Blundell Maple, Bart., the furniture man, and though he spent many thousands in good works, his business was always against him in snobbish Hertfordshire.

Mary's Second Husband Dies Suddenly.

But Mary Malyn was as great a snob as the rest of the City folk, so she had nothing to complain about. She meant to be sure of her social position the next time she married, and she succeeded. She selected for her second husband a young officer named Sabine, of an old Herts family, whose brother, General Sabine, was quite one of the leaders of county society. So James Fleet's pretty widow got wed to Captain Sabine, and for some years she lived an ideal life with him, and might have passed into the land of shadows leaving no more footprints on the sands of time than most good and virtuous women do, but for the premature death of Captain Sabine, and her donning of the weeds for the second time! Thus another crisis in Mary Malyn's domestic career was precipitated, and then began the real romance of her life.

Mary at the Court of St. James.

Mary Malyn sorrowed for a while over her lost Captain, and then she decided that loneliness was not to be her lot, and ere long she was on the look-out for another husband. And this time, her wealth having considerably increased, she decided that nothing less than a coronet would satisfy her. And, strange to say, she got all she wanted. Some women do! Amongst the smart men who found convenient respite from the lassitude of life in the Court of King George I. by hunting with the hounds over the undulating meadows of Hertfordshire was no less than Alan, eighth Lord Cathcart, a soldier, like most of his family, and by no means the least distinguished of them all. A very smart fellow was my Lord Baron Cathcart, and he was as accomplished in the art of making love as he was in the science of making war. And when the pretty widow from Tewin Hall set her cap at him he was nothing loth. The Cathcarts had always lived up to their last penny, and they never could rank amongst the thrifty set of the "blue-bloods." Hence it was not long before Captain Sabine's widow once more put on the orange blossoms, and this time for a peer of the realm. And having made her debut at the Court of St. James, the new

Lady Cathcart began her reign of glory amidst that blaze of splendour which for years had been the complete obsession of her life.

And, as usual, she found it all a colossal disappointment. In the first place, Lord Cathcart had married her for her money, and she had married him for his coronet. The exchange is not a rare one, even in these days. But she had her fill of splendour. Lord Cathcart was Lord of the Bedchamber to the King, and had his apartments within the Royal residence. And there the one-time Belle of Battersea hobnobbed with Melusina Schulenburg, the mistress of King George I., and the crowd of other great ladies whom that silly old monarch had advanced to great positions in the State. And though she was but the daughter of a Southwark tradesman, beneath the honourable coronet she wore, Lady Cathcart was able to hold up her head with the best. And, at any rate, she *could* speak English, which was a rare accomplishment at Court in the days of the First of the Georges.

General Lord Cathcart is Called to the War in America.

Lord Cathcart was waiting for another war to break out to receive the final mark of the King's approval of his gallantry. And though, when he married, there was no expectation that he would be called from his bride's side, Fate had decreed that war should break out between this country and America, and within a few months of her marriage Mary Malyn, Baroness Cathcart, was saying "Good-bye" to her Lord. He had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army sent by King George to the New World, and Lord Cathcart sailed away and was never seen by Mary again. His Lordship died on the voyage out, and was buried at sea. Thus it happened that Lady Cathcart found herself widowed for the third time while in the prime of life, and with no small measure of her good looks still "well preserved!"

The Fourth Husband of Mary, Lady Cathcart.

This time, one would suppose, Lady Cathcart had had enough of matrimony. Not a bit of it. Some women don't! She was now a famous lady of Society, well-known to everybody, and in the position of being able to snub with impunity the Hertfordshire squires whom she had formerly longed to know. Questioned by one of the wags of the Court as to her "future," Lady Cathcart said, "I married my first husband for money; my second for social position; and my third for a title. But the next time I marry it will be for love!" And she kept her word. And the lucky man who found the secret of the love of Lady Cathcart was a jovial, saucy, blarneying Irish soldier of fortune, who, catching a glimpse of the love-light in the widow's eye, made the pace with his raciest stories and his most ardent caresses, until the thrice-widowed beauty would have given the heart out of her body for him. And all the time the artful Irish Colonel was laughing in his sleeve, and thinking how she would hate him when she found him out.

"Cut Off with a Shilling!"

Well, Lady Cathcart duly became the Colonel's wife, and settled down to the enjoyment of "love's young dream"—the dream that she had been dreaming all through the lifetime of her first three husbands. The dream proved a wicked delusion. When she wanted to put her arms softly round the Irish blackguard's neck, and feel the tingle of his compliments in her ear, he told her he wanted a drink, brushed her aside, and strode out of the house. The wedding bells had scarcely ceased to echo in her ears when Lady Cathcart had learnt more of the power of the Colonel's fist than of his kisses. Day by day he dragged money from her by sheer force. One day she thought it time to call a halt, and was met with the glint of the Colonel's revolver close to her ear! The rollicking Irishman had turned out to be the veriest coward and swashbuckler! All he wanted was money, drink, and women! His *liaisons* soon became the scandal of the country-side. His brutal treatment of Lord Cathcart's widow made him an object of universal contempt. And the day came when even the thick-skinned Irishman could stick the scorn which he had aroused no longer. He decided to seek fresh fields and pastures new, and, of course, to take his rich slave-wife with him. This determination was suddenly intensified by the accidental discovery of Lady Cathcart's will, in which she had cut off her brutal husband with the proverbial shilling.

The violence of the rascal nearly resulted in her Ladyship's death at this discovery. At once the Colonel protested that his wife was a lunatic, and fit only for a lunatic asylum. And one day the Colonel drove a dog-cart up to the door of the mansion, ordered his wife to "Come for a dhrive!" and started on a journey of the end of which Lady Cathcart dared scarcely think. For twenty miles they drove in silence, and then, her Ladyship becoming alarmed, asked her husband to turn the horses homewards. Then it was that he let on about his villainous design. He never intended his wife to return. Some days after, the people at home sent out a chase after Colonel Maguire and his lady, and located them, from evidence along the road, at Chester. The attorney called upon Colonel Maguire to allow him to converse with Lady [illegible] contemptuously refused. The lawyer [illegible] the law on his side. The Colonel, however, [illegible] attorney did not know Lady Cathcart, even by [illegible] once consented to the interview. He took [illegible] his wife was his willing companion in [illegible] then conducted the lawyer to an apartment [illegible] who graciously asked him his business. "Am I rightly [illegible] madame, that you are on your way to Ireland with your husband at your own desire?" "You are!" [illegible] lady, and the lawyer, having done his duty, [illegible] ally. He did not know that the lady was not Lady [illegible] but a maid of the inn whom the artful Irishman had [illegible] for the part in expectation of the attorney's [illegible]

The Old Age of Lady Cathcart.

One would have supposed Colonel Maguire would [illegible] satisfied to leave [illegible] very [illegible] Being an Irishman, he [illegible] like himself after the lawyer, [illegible] and robbed him of his papers. [illegible] herself cast into a dungeon in a [illegible] the most desolate part of Ireland, where [illegible] a close prisoner, and allowed no communication with [illegible] at all. Fortunately, her Ladyship had concealed most [illegible] valuable jewels in her hair, and sewn them up in the [illegible] of her petticoat, and these she was able to send to a [illegible] What would have been the ultimate fate of Lady Cathcart [illegible] not her husband one day been found dead in his bed [illegible] impossible to say. Suffice it that it was not till that [illegible] occurred that her place of imprisonment was discovered. [illegible] she was set free, a broken and dispirited woman, with [illegible] wrinkled face showing not a trace of the beauty which had [illegible] so completely hers in days of yore, and all hope of happiness [illegible] in this world utterly gone. They drove her through the [illegible] of Hertford in triumph when she returned a "free woman," [illegible] times a widow, and claimed again her old place in the [illegible] of her tenantry. Lady Cathcart was [illegible] old at her death, and she danced [illegible] past eighty.

Next Week:

PRINCESS PAULINE BORGHESE, NAPOLEON'S SISTER, AND HER LOVERS AND HUSBANDS.

At Southend they trim hats with potatoes and tomatoes. Well, we have often seen a peach in a hat.

* * *

A London policeman rejoices in the name of Rain. If he is only visible when the sun shines, he should prove a valuable member of the force.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

Engagement (Luton).—Sorry you miss the "Editor's [illegible] days the Editor does his talking in "Plain Speaking" [illegible] ready to comment on matters which readers may bring [illegible] is difficult to advise about an engagement ring in the [illegible] information about your means and position in life. We [illegible] mend you to do the thing well, so that the ring may on[illegible] the girl wears. Write Masters, Rye, Sussex, for his illus[illegible] It may save you money.

A.C. (Sheffield).—The bride's parents usually pay [illegible] riages, excepting only that used by the groom to get [illegible] afterwards (with his bride) to the railway station.

H.C.D. (Blackstone).—The vapour pistol you re[illegible] we believe. Certainly the firm advertising it are [illegible]

Paddy (Bryanston Sq.).—You ought to be able to [illegible] arrangements with any good dentist. Avoid the "sendo-" tising fraternity.

Jacques (Dover).—Try W. and G. Foyle's new [illegible] Manelle Street, Charing Cross Road, for the book of [illegible] that you require.

W.W.S. (Kyles of Bute).—The aim of *Modern Life* is [illegible] instruct. Hence a Naturalists' Column would be out of [illegible] appeal to very few readers, we fear. Stories unsuitable. [illegible] stamp for return.

A.B. (Hammersmith).—We have never awarded 10s. for [illegible] We did not promise to give 5s. to everybody who pointe[illegible] so you are quite "out of court."

E.R. (Sevenoaks).—Thanks, but we do not take [illegible] the Sackville family. They have been sufficiently [illegible] moment. At the same time, we are open to consider [illegible] stories, even about them, but the stories must be good [illegible]

H.B.B. (Victoria, Brit. Columbia).—Thanks for [illegible] record at the moment is 32 innings, 3 n.o., 1,253 runs.

A.A.A. (Fenchurch Street).—Yes, it was a bad blunder. [illegible] Bell." We noticed it too late. Our artist [illegible] talking to a girl.

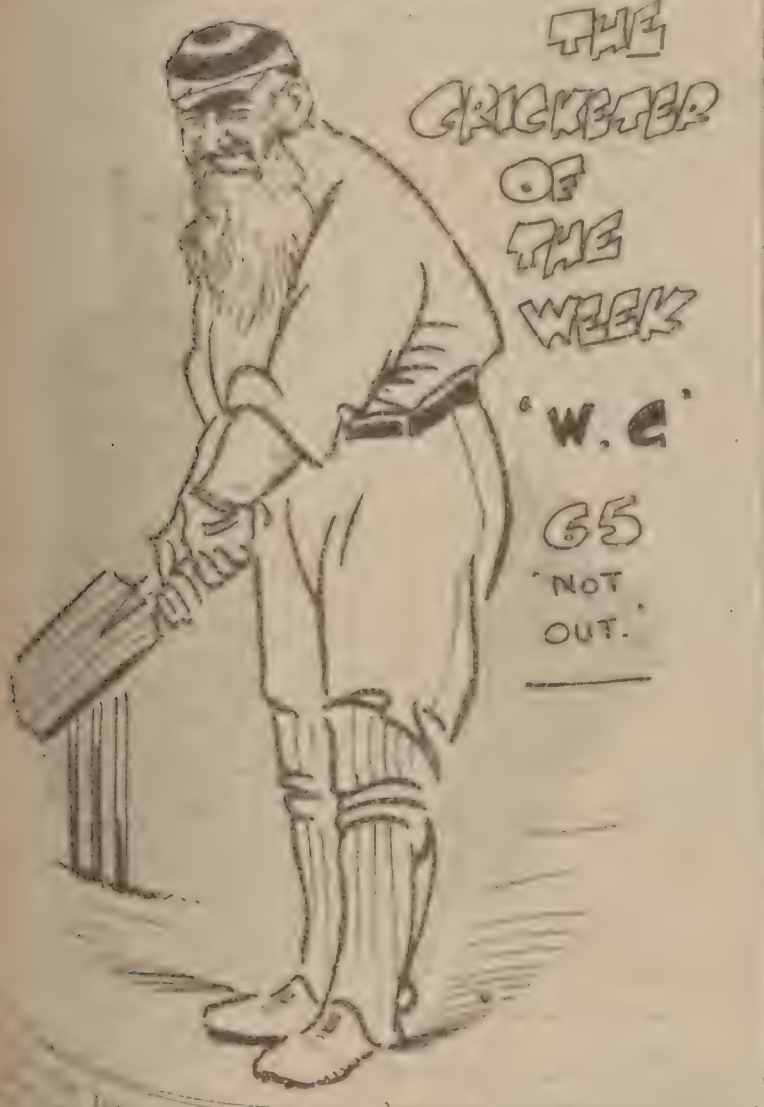
W.S. (Hull).—There is not sufficient interest in cricket [illegible] have carefully considered the point.

R.G.L. (Salford).—Don't you think you are a bit [illegible] "literals" in a journal of our kind isn't a bad record [illegible] others are very much worse.

C.B., Jnr. (W. Hartlepool).—Thanks for paper. [illegible] the case elsewhere.

MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

...er, sporting matters have had a tem-...uring the last few days. We have been ... weeks and weeks of fine weather that, as



...mers get a little attention from the meteoro-...nt, we think that we are hard done by, are ... and with the most selfish and ever-forgetful ...lain and exaggerate, and come to the conclusion ...never get a fair show. Wet weather does interfere ...loor ..., and it gives one the hump. Just now the ... round between England and America is ... Wimbledon, but thoughts of the final be-... and Canada remain green in the memory. ... almost deserted. It was a wonderful change ...odation, after the bitter experience one en-...during the World's Championships, when one had ...nd bribe and engineer in order to get just a glimpse ...ther of the great champions. But McLoughlin's ...ilding relieved the American's appearance against ...ians of that wonderful hero-worship. McLoughlin, ...was reduced to the level of the human lawn-tennis ... with the weather doing the rest, there was not ...interest that there was in the Canada and South ...atch some few weeks before at Queen's Club. Of ... that the match was a foregone ... it is a matter of impossibility for the ...

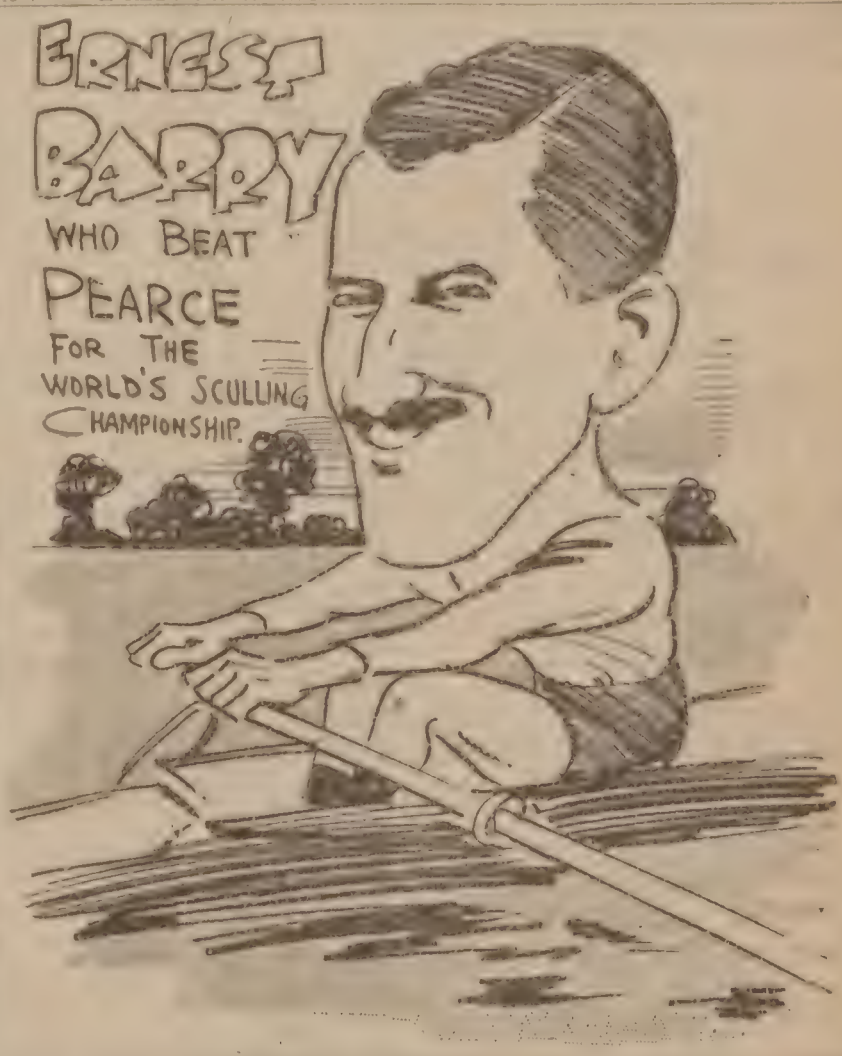
redeeming feature of the Davis Cup final was ...ght put up by R. B. Powell. He lost in three ... Maurice McLoughlin, but the first set ... after as many as eighteen games had ... Of course, there are some who will not ... is a great exponent of the game. Perhaps ... right-handed player he would not be rated as ... Once McLoughlin became acquainted with ...Canadian's play, the rest was easy. Still Powell ...another innings in the doubles, and if Schwengers had ...up to the standard of Powell, the doubles might easily ...gone to the Canadian pair.

...outcome of the final round will of necessity be the ...action of certain rules. There is no rule, for instance, ...the character of the courts upon which the Davis cup ...tion shall be played. If, through some miraculous ...of circumstances, South Africa should ever win the ..., ... challengers would have to play on hard courts, because a grass court does not exist in South Africa. France and Germany decided their tie on hard courts, but Germany met America at Nottingham on grass courts. The rule of the country, and the conditions obtaining in the country where a Davis cup tie is played, must always prevail and perhaps it was a pity that the Americans and Schwengers were so intent upon playing in steel pointed boots at Wimbledon, instead of the rubber soled shoes. Powell played in rubbers. In the absence, however, of rules and regulations, there was some irritating delay at Wimbledon last week.

Many have made up their minds that America will win back the Davis cup, of which the Dohertys dispossessed them. In many sports there is a disposition towards expecting the defeat of "Poor Old England." Just now there is a great deal of talk about the next Olympic Sports. They will not take place for three years yet at Berlin. Complaints have been made that there is a good deal of "slacking" going on, that there is a feeling of "There is plenty of time." Something must be done, and quickly, too, if we are to see the Union Jack hoisted after the result of Olympic events more frequently than hitherto. England athletes outnumber those of any other country, but some definite system is necessary in order that the very best can be got out of them.

Not for a very long time has England's prowess in one particular branch of sport been so unanimously protested as in rowing and professional sculling. The Varsities practically swept the board at Henley, and Barry, the London born and bred sculler, proved too strong an opponent for the Australian visitor, Harry Pearce. But Barry is not always going to be champion sculler of the world. The sport requires fostering, and there must be a vigilant eye kept on the coming champion. There is sometimes just a little suggestion of being content. "We are champions and we are going to remain champions," some say. When we are only second fiddle, then the pessimist says "We have no one to beat so-and-so, so what is the good of trying?" Success against the Australian cricketers in Australia in 1911-12, gave Englishmen the idea that their representatives would retain the cricket championship. There can be such a thing as over-confidence. There has been before, and there may be a case of history repeating itself. True, nothing succeeds like success, and in these International struggles the weaker and the unsuccessful side in the past should make their efforts all the more strenuous.

Just now, when England's cricket prowess is in the ascendant, there is some team building going on for the tour of



the M.C.C. team in South Africa. The Colonials are top-dog on their own dunghill. England cannot afford to sit down and say that it is no good ever hoping to wrest the test matches from the South Africans in South Africa. The Colonials, if judged properly, are those who would gladly

welcome a defeat in the test matches at the back end of the present year, and at the dawn of 1914. The cry of the South African is to the effect that the very strongest team must be sent to South Africa. The whole country is particularly English where sport is concerned. South Africa has not yet become South African, as Australia has become Australian. The Dark Continentals are loyal to the Mother-Country. They take their successes with modesty and they would share the honours of success should it be achieved by the next visiting team. It looks very like, though, as if England will not leave a stone unturned to bring about success.

Kent hold a strong position in the cricket county championship, and things will have to go very badly with them to be dispossessed of the pride of place. In glancing through the table, one is struck with the disparity that exists in the number of matches played. Somerset, when they had played 8, had Essex and Middlesex as their nearest neighbours with 11 matches played each. At the same time, one finds Lancashire with 19 games, Yorkshire with 18, and Kent with 17, and Sussex have 17 also. Kent lead by 15 per cent. in front of Yorkshire, but the Champions, although having twice as many matches as Middlesex, are only two per cent. off the Metropolitans. One is quite aware that positions are given for percentage, but let us hope for the day when the various counties play the same number of matches table, however interesting now, would be more Poor Derbyshire! How the Peakites went off at of the race with a flourish of trumpets. Three victories were scored right off the reel. One could not assign luck to the discredit of the Derbyshire team. But if they had good luck then, what can be said of their performances since. Not another victory has come their way. They lost nine matches right out, and the other game was lost on the first innings. Of a truth, cricket is a funny game.

It is not frequently that such a disagreement is associated with pure sport, but there is just at present a nasty little bit of unpleasantness connected with tennis. Johnson and Covey were due conclusions for the World's Championship some time March. It was a professional sporting event. Johnson his backers and Covey had his. Tennis is not one of games which appeal to the general sporting public last year G. F. Covey beat C. ("Punch", I am who in 1907-8, when Peter Latham beat him, had been champion since 1905. Late last year Covey was challenged by Johnson, and it was agreed that a match should take place Money was deposited, but there was no article Covey became incapacitated through contracting varicose veins in his leg, and forthwith medical doctors

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at Covey was absolutely disabled for the time turally Covey cannot go on for ever with a bad same time hang on to the title of champion, s hard that, because Covey did not play his March, the holder should ipso facto cease to Covey has agreed to play in the autumn or that decision appears to be brimful of sporting The World's Championship is not surrounded by of rules and regulations. We want sport, and want anyone to freeze on unfortunate circum- on which to make capital. No doubt there will de of laws agreed upon which would prevent a contretemps, and in the meantime let peace reign.

WIT AND WISDOM.

tle of encouragement is like oil on the bearings of a

* * *

p step from poverty to riches more often than not ed by slips and tumbles.

* * *

trimonial bonds are taxable, but not negotiable.

* * *

A girl's idea of innocence is not to admit that she knows.

* * *

made man never seems to suffer from remorse.

* * *

er to go broke in a month than it is to get rich

* * *

may be natural for a woman to be fat, but it is unnatural her to admit it.

* * *

ve every word an honest politician tells you—our honest politician.

* *

t be snippy and stuck up because you are young . It may not take long to outgrow it.

* *

d of life to a woman; to a man it is merely

* * *

est a man can do is to guess at the age of women canned goods.

* * *

that so few of us are satisfied with what other people think is good for us!

* *

men are as bad as they paint themselves.

* *

as got to be awfully ugly in order to be homely.

* *

newly married man ever dodges when his wife ings at him.

* * *

never know as much about anything as women know the prevailing styles.

* *

er of fact, doctors are not as wise as they think ts think they are.

* *

Swallowing your grief is a bitter dose.

* *

y to prevent old age is to die young.

* *

people never suffer from brain fag. The reason is s.

* * *

the breath of suspicion, gossip would soon die a death.

* * *

rt ne'er won fair lady—but there is the brunette.

* * *

foolish noise a man makes the less likely is he e a howling success.

* * *

es to have a young man on the string, but a young aving a string on the man.

* * *

until somebody offers to turn the grindstone you need an edge on your axe.

* * *

-made man sometimes makes a bad job of it.

* * *

ally a man kicks because his name is in the paper

It does not seem fair that a short man should have fewer opportunities of succeeding than a tall man, but it is a fact.

There are many things in life that do not seem fair. It is useless for us to grumble about them. What we have to do is to remedy matters as far as we can.

If a man sits down and grumbles because he is short, he is wasting time. What he ought to do is to increase his height.

This **can** be done by my system. The testimonials I am constantly receiving from my students prove it.

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

Lance-cpl. F. C. Y. (Chatham) writes: "Am truly astonished and delighted with the result, which is this—a gain of one inch in a month. This I consider remarkable, and a splendid testimony to the efficacy and value of your system and the exercises which you prescribed for me, taking into consideration the fact that I have been in the army some time, and a considerable time having elapsed since I completed all drill and gymnastics as a recruit."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

A. K (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2¼ inches."

Such testimony counts for more than any general assertions that I could make. The full names and addresses of these and many other students who heartily recommend my system will be sent to all interested readers. Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,
Specialist in the Increase of Height,
Dept. M, 17, Stroud Green Road, LONDON, N.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

New issues are again making their appearance, and what is most encouraging is the fact that the public are ready to invest. The Grand Trunk Railway issue was quickly over-subscribed, and the Barker issue was a success.

* * *

The opinion expressed by Sir Felix Schuster at the meeting of the Union of London and Smiths' Bank last week is well worth quoting.

* * *

"The reaction must soon set in, and when the recovery takes place I believe it will be as rapid as the fall, and I think that it is highly probable that the investors' attention will turn itself once more to home securities which now yield such a tempting return.

* * *

"On financial affairs the continuance of the disastrous wars in the Balkans and preparations for war elsewhere could not but be of the greatest importance, and I think it reflects credit on the money markets of Europe that the strain has been stood so well, for the economic loss has been enormous.

* * *

"It appears that in consequence of the war and the preparations for war on the Continent considerable hoarding has taken place in various countries, and when peace is restored these hoards, the amount of which it is difficult to estimate, will gradually return to the monetary centres and bring considerable relief."

* * *

The remarks of this genius of finance are well worth pondering over, and my readers would be well advised to take advantage of the present favourable market price of good dividend yielding stocks.

* * *

The rise is bound to come.

* * *

It is quite clear the bears have still got the master hand, or the market would not pretend to be displeased with the railway dividend announcements last week.

* * *

The South-Eastern dividend was at the rate of 1½ per cent. per annum on the Ordinary stock, against 1¼ per cent. per annum a year ago, £15,000 being carried forward, against £18,663. The dividend on London, Chatham, and Dover Arbitration Preference stock was at the full rate of 4½ per cent. per annum, the same as a year ago. The Chatham Company's proportion of net revenue up to June 30th is £[illegible]

* * *

The traffic returns for the past week have again been very good, with Great Centrals at the top of the list once more with an increase of £8,600.

* * *

In my notes last week I prophesised that Oils would be one of the most active markets in the house, and readers who acted on my advice are money in pocket.

* * *

Shells were very much better at 5 3-8, and Spies are two shillings better at 22s. 6d.

* * *

Ural Caspian and North Caucasians have been a strong market, especially the former, in which case the shares have risen several shillings. Both these companies are connected with Shell Transport.

* * *

Among others Premier Oil and Galician Oil Trust are worth my readers' attention.

* * *

Americans have been good with Eries and Union Pacifics well to the front.

* * *

The labour position in South Africa looks more promising and a fairly cheerful tone has been maintained in the mining markets.

* * *

Simmer Deep have been steady at 3s. 6d. to 4s., and as they are fully paid £1 shares they are worth purchasing at this low price.

Sheba Gold 5s. shares can be secured at 5s. 3d., the company is paying over 15 per cent. in divi[illegible] shares are a good lock up.

* * *

Rubber Trusts have been one of the chief ce[illegible] interest in the rubber share market on the appea[illegible] the eagerly awaited report.

* * *

The proposal to increase the capital of the com[illegible] one million has not altogether met with the favou[illegible] market, despite the fact that it will obviate the [illegible] for a call on the shares.

* * *

Other speculative favourites have [illegible] easier changed, but there has been very little [illegible]

* * *

I warn readers to be extremely careful in their [illegible] here, and only the dividend paying [illegible] shares are not standing at inflated premium s[illegible] sidered, until such time as one can judge if the [illegible] mark in the price of rubber has been reached.

* * *

Profit taking has caused a reaction among se[illegible] more active Industrial shares, such as Aerated [illegible] Gramophones, Marconi's, and National [illegible]

* * *

There has been some good buying of Aerated [illegible] National Steam Cars at 21s. 6d. should most certain[illegible] picked up.

* *

Readers wishing for an attractive inves[illegible] dustrials, and a low priced share, should secure [illegible] Bowerman's Press 1s. shares as this Company [illegible] promising future. The shares can be purchased [illegible] and free of brokerage and commission by cit[illegible] direct to the Secretary of the Company, or if [illegible] are sent direct to me I will pass them on.

* * *

I shall be pleased to forward the name and [illegible] a member of the Stock Exchange to any reader [illegible] invest or speculate.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

Zero.—Rails are certainly at low-water m[illegible] and shares, but instead of selling you should inves[illegible] control in picking up a few of the best dividend payers [illegible] low prices now ruling.

Speculator.—I cannot advise you to buy [illegible] looks attractive. The best I can recommend among [illegible] or Simmer Deep £1 shares, now obtainable at 3s. 6d. to 4s. [illegible]

J. H. (Liverpool).—The oil market is about the best for you[illegible] likely to be a most active one in the near future. Shells, Spies, [illegible] Eagle, Premier Oil, or Galician Oil Trust are the best in this m[illegible]

F. H. (Brixton).—Hold on to your securities; they are all [illegible] prices will right themselves this autumn.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWE[illegible] ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, [illegible] WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

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When replying to Advertisements, pleas[illegible] mention "Modern Life."

RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

The Eclipse Stakes winner, Tracery, was hampered soon after the start and showed in the rear for a time, but half-way along the back stretch Mr. A. Belmont's horse moved up second, a position he occupied until a quarter of a mile from home, where Louvois, on the outside, challenged, but immediately Whalley let his mount go he drew right away and won amidst tremendous cheering by four lengths. Tracery's owner gave £25,000 for Rock Sand, the sire of Tracery, and sold him after the ruination of racing in America to a French syndicate for £30,000. Mr. Belmont witnessed Tracery's success at Sandown, this being the first time he had been present when one of his horses had won in this country. This week we have one meeting a day, with the exception of to-day, Goodwood taking place on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; Alexandra Park finishing up the week on Saturday. The principal races of the week are: Stewards' Cup, Tuesday; Goodwood Plate, Wednesday; Goodwood Cup, Thursday; and the Chesterfield Cup, on Friday.

The Steward's Cup is a most difficult event to deal with, so many trainers having entered several of their charges. The top weight, Spanish Prince, accounted for Sir Martin at the Newmarket First July meeting, and they could meet at the same weights here, but Mr. J. B. Joel is more likely to be represented by Radiant, now that White Star has incurred a 7lb. penalty for his Leicester success. Sir Martin is reported to have come on in the interim, and if he has returned to his best is likely to figure prominently. Cigar showed a return to form when he ran away with the Beaufort Handicap at headquarters a fortnight ago, and is better handicapped last week. He won the Wokingham Stakes at Ascot from Mediator, Giant and others, including Poor Boy, Hammond, Wise Symon, Borrow and Wrack, all of whom are engaged here. Previously Braxted ran third in the Royal Hunt Cup, and I shall expect Sir T. Dewar's colt to give Mediator the 5lb. allowed Prince Kinsky's candidate for two-lengths beating in the Wokingham. Of those behind the last-named pair in the Ascot race I incline most to the chance possessed by Poor Boy, who has had a good preparation and likes this course, having already run in this race Joel's aged horse now meets Braxted on a stone more favourable terms than at Ascot, and this should ensure closer fight. Joyner is responsible for five, Borrow, Garret, Harmonicon, Meeting House and Panasine, and his stable will be dangerous. Radiant in his only race this season was unplaced in the Two Thousand Guineas. He should be better suited by the distance here. Wrack is a likely winner, but has frequently disappointed. Others worthy of attention are Daly's, winner of his last two races, and will be ridden by Piper, The Boss, Diadumenos and Research. Of the last-named quartette I prefer the chance possessed by The Boss, who has won a couple of sprint races in Ireland this season, and has lately been galloping with Capt. Dewhurst's team at Newmarket. Very favourable accounts are received concerning his well-being, and he is lightly weighted to win. In making a final choice I shall go for

BRAXTED,

who should be supported each way.

The Goodwood Plate has an acceptance of eleven, and a good race is assured. Lord Lonsdale recently purchased Warlingham, who, although he did not fulfil expectations in the two races this season, holds a big chance, and I shall expect last year's Cesarewitch winner to run well if saddled in preference to waiting for the cup on Thursday. On the same mark as Warlingham is the penalised Nutbourne, who beat Wanono a length and a half at Newmarket. The latter has a pull of 13lb. here, and I shall expect Mr. Edwardes' gelding to reverse the placings. G. Lambton should choose between Corncob and Shell, and I prefer the Newbury Washing Day won over two miles and a furlong in April with Pearldiver a head and a length and a half away, third. For this defeat Pearldiver is allowed 7lb., and this hardly seems sufficient to alter the positions of Bundook is fit from leading Louvois in his work, and Easton Bocard has progressed favourably since he was disqualified at the Bilbury Club meeting. For my selection I shall take

WANONO.

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GOODWOOD.—TUESDAY.

Charlton Handicap: Wise Mac.
Richmond Stakes: Brakespear.

WEDNESDAY.

King George Stakes: Meeting House.
Findon Stakes: Grillparzer.

THURSDAY.

Goodwood Cup: Prince Palatine.
Drayton Handicap: Adam Bede.
Selling Plate: Town Councillor.

FRIDAY.

Chichester Plate: Great Surprise.
Chesterfield Cup: Drinmore.

ALEXANDRA PARK.—SATURDAY.

Moderate Plate: Comparison.
Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate: Sweet Sun.

Our Editor was in Switzerland last week, and took the opportunity to be present at the draw for Mr. H. Diamond's Goodwood Sweep at Lucerne. He satisfied himself that the draw was conducted with scrupulous fairness, and that everybody who had bought a ticket had a straight run for his money without fear, favour, or prejudice. In our next issue we propose to give a brief account of how the draw was carried out, as we are aware that many of our readers are interested in these little events, and would like to know how things are done. We have, of course, no interest whatever in this sweep or any other, but as people will have their little gamble we see no objection to helping them to get a square deal.

"Every golfer gained is a fisherman lost," said a witness to the South Carnarvonshire Fishery Board. They still, however, have one branch of sport in common. They are both adept at pulling the long bow.

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The Editor of "JOHN BULL" on Feb. 1st, stated:—

"We have many times expressed satisfaction with Mr. H. Diamond's methods, and can assure our readers that from beginning to end each sweep promoted by him is absolutely straight, square, and above-board."

The "MIRROR OF LIFE" on June 7th, stated:—

"We can certify as to the equitable way in which they are carried out, and of their fairness in every particular of Mr. H. Diamond's sweepstakes."

The Winner of £200

Louvois, second in the Derby, was drawn by Mr. C. M. Davies, Whitbyx House, Priory Hill, Milford Haven. The £200 second prize was sent to him by registered letter on the Monday after the race.

Mr. R. P. WEEKS,
50, Bailey Street,
Brynmawr, Brecon, South Wales,
drew "Aboyeur" in our Derby Sweep, and the first prize of £1,000 was sent to him by registered letter on the Monday after the race. The despatch of the money was supervised by the special correspondent of "John Bull."

The Winner of £100

"Great Sport" was drawn by Mr. H. Fortley, c/o W. A. Mutlow, Box 96, Post Office, Waterville, Quebec, Canada, and the third prize of £100 was despatched to him by registered letter on Monday, June 9th, in the form of a draft on the Royal Bank of Canada, made payable in Quebec.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

It may be noted that for evening dress the soft-fronted shirt in tucks or pleats is now correct style.

* * *

If you have any tendency to depletion of hair on the cranium, and indeed even if you have no such tendency, buy your hat with ventilation holes.

* * *

These have an excellent effect upon the ordinary human scalp, and if you keep the scalp healthy you will have little trouble with the hair which grows upon or from it.

* * *

These ventilation holes are not nearly so much used now as they used to be, and the consequent scalp irritation is perhaps some explanation of the baldness of very many of our present day legislators, and the irritating Acts of Parliament which they impose upon a long-suffering people.

* * *

I suggest that Messrs. McKenna and Company either buy ventilated hats, or get holes punched in their present hats. Any good hatter will effect the alteration for a few pence.

* * *

The weather, as I write, is changeable and treacherous—bright sun and then a torrential downpour of rain.

* * *

The rain-proof overcoat is now the thing, and see that it is rain proof. The name does not infallibly guarantee that it is the article.

* * *

I had one tried on a few days ago, and hope to show the inhabitants of Eastbourne next Sunday what a well-tailored, well-balanced dust coat is, and still be as safe in rain as if I were encased in tarpaulin.

* * *

My tailor showed me a letter he received a few months ago from a customer. It said: "I have just returned from a day's duck shooting with a five-mile drive each way. I am as dry inside as when I started. I have had other rain coats, but they did not keep out the wet as yours does."

* * *

This is the kind of coat to look for and to buy.

* * *

By the way, my coat is in fawn, the old covert coat shade. It is being built with plenty of swing in the skirts and a deep slit at the back, coming up to the waist.

* * *

My tailor is a dabster at this kind of loose wrap. He is pitching his best man on to the building of it, and I expect my new coat will be just "it."

* * *

My ideal coat is the one that fits neatly at neck and on shoulders, with heaps of well-balanced swing in the skirts, and just to cover the knees.

* * *

J. H. W., of Weedon, Northants, writes me a cheery letter. He says he is very fond of reading my remarks on dress in *Modern Life*, and hints that these help materially to convey to his intelligent eye the "rights" and "wrongs" of the coverings of our vile bodies.

* * *

I beg to thank "J.H.W.," and am pleased that I can be the means of this slight service to him and other readers of *Modern Life*.

* * *

He, however, asks me if I do not think that hip pockets in trousers are unnecessary and vulgar.

* * *

Well, this depends. I have been in quarters abroad, and in these peaceful and law-abiding islands, where to put one's cash into a right-hand hip pocket, well secured with flap and button, and go to sleep on one's right side, conscience distinctly to peace of mind, and enough money in the morning to pay for bed and breakfast.

* * *

Of course, the hip pocket is a relic of the cow-boy age, when to draw your gun quickly was the first qualification in the "here and yellow" stakes. In fact, as the American would put it—

"Twice armed is he who hath his quarrel just,
But thrice armed he who gets his gun out fust."

Still and withal and even now, when our first and worst enemy is the chap who comes around collecting fourpences, telling us we are to get ninepences on the third Saturday of the month in the millennium, the hip pocket has its uses. For instance, I have one and carry my tobacco pouch in it, and shall continue to do so, until the Editor presents me with a gold cigarette case.

* * *

A well-known and popular hat firm in this town is making a special, and more than usually special, feature of the shapes in straw hats.

* * *

This is an enterprising and popular move, and I wish it success.

* * *

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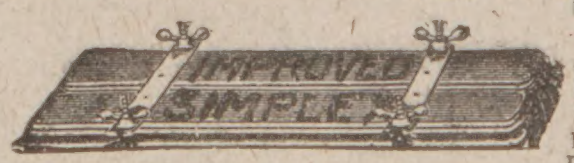

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